

The Great First Magnitude Stars.

EIGHT stars of the first magnitude, or above, may now be seen early in the evening simultaneously. If the night is clear they present a memorable spectacle. Four of them are on the right of the band of the Milky Way, viz: Sirius (the farthest south), Rigel, Betelgeuse, and Aldebaran.

The Heart Breaker

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

Honora Decides to Stay When Tom Calls, But Mildred Amazes Them by Her Reception of the Soldier.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HAVING reached her decision, Honora went slowly upstairs, summoning her courage to perform the self-assigned task.

When she reached her room Mildred was standing before her mirror, looking at her hair. She turned and smiled as Honora entered. Apparently the younger girl had forgotten the recent dispute or was eager to ignore it.

Honora, however, was resolved to confront herself in her own conviction.

"I do not think, Milly," she said firmly, "that you were quite justified in telling Tom Chandler that he could come to see you—I mean in encouraging his attentions while you are engaged to some one else."

"I think I was. That's where you and I differ," the sister responded. "I may not have the tender conscience that you have, but since he knows that I am engaged to Arthur, and since he is an old friend, anyway, I fail to see what your objection can be."

"Of course," Honora admitted her voice, "you are going to tell Arthur that Tom is coming?"

"Indeed I am not," Mildred declared. "In the first place, Arthur is not at home. He's gone down to Bridgeport on business and will not get back until late this evening. If Tom wants to come and chat with me this evening, I see no reason why he should not do so."

A Change of Tactics.

Honora changed her tactics. She did not want to anger Mildred. "So," she teased, "while the cat's away this little mouse—"

But Mildred interrupted, her eyes flashing angrily.

"While the United States is at war," she announced, "I am going to do everything I can to make things pleasant for the men who are fighting for us. I do not feel that my duty stops at knitting and Red Cross work. Any man in uniform is going to be welcome in this home whenever he chooses to come to see me. It is my home as well as yours, please remember. If Arthur objects to this plan of mine, there is a very easy and simple way in which he can alter the present state of affairs."

"And that is?" Honora began. But the excited girl interrupted her.

"That is by enlisting in playing a man's part," she exclaimed.

Honora reddened, started to retort, then closed her lips. Picking up a book from the table, she remarked that she was going down-

stairs to read until dinner time, and left the room.

"I do not see," she muttered to herself when she was alone, "why I should quarrel with Milly unless it is necessary to do so. If she does not feel sufficient loyalty to her fiance for her to see matters from his viewpoint, I cannot make her do it. But I do intend to prevent trouble if I can."

This determination was still uppermost in Honora's mind when, an hour later, Mildred appeared at dinner wearing a new frock—a light blue creation, that enhanced the brilliancy of her coloring.

Mrs. Higgins looked at the young girl with a playful smile. "We are expecting a caller tonight, I see," she commented archly.

"Yes," Mildred admitted, glancing meaningfully at her sister, who did not return the glance. "We are."

"Then, Honora," Mrs. Higgins proposed, "you and I can have our little after-dinner talk in my room tonight."

Honora hesitated an instant, and when she spoke her voice was low but calm.

The Decision to Stay.

"I'm afraid not tonight," she said. "I think it would be better if you and I stayed below-stairs and helped Milly entertain. Tom Chandler, who is in the army, you know, is in town. He has asked permission to call this evening, and we girls have decided that we should make all men in the service welcome. And as we cannot begin too soon it would be kind, I think, if you and I added our welcome to Milly's."

Taken completely off her guard, Mildred gasped and stared at her sister in amazement. But Honora only smiled and went on eating her dinner.

"That's a very nice idea!" Mrs. Higgins approved. "But, my dear, I think that if you will excuse me, I'll go upstairs and leave you young folks to chat together. Poor young Chandler! I suppose he wants to talk things over with old friends."

Conversation languished after this and the meal was finished in comparative silence. It was evident to Honora that Mildred was for the time baffled, and at a loss as to how to extricate herself from an embarrassing position.

"Honora," she demanded when, Mrs. Higgins having gone upstairs, the five sisters were left alone together, "will you kindly explain this new idea of yours? What does it mean?"

"Simply that if Tom Chandler comes here and you make him and other men in the service welcome, it is my privilege to do the same."

"If men in uniform come here we must show them that they are welcome. You said that yourself. Do you mind my being here when Tom comes?" she asked suddenly.

But Mildred did not answer. At 8 o'clock Tom Chandler arrived. In his close-fitting uniform he was better looking than ever before.

Tom Chandler, who had been told that this was his home, stepped into the room as he rose to greet him. Out-of-door life had cleared his face and straightened his shoulders. He smiled both the heartiest and the kindest to him, and shook hands formally with Honora.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he declared.

"It is one that all callers in uniform may expect," was the demure response.

Then, taking up her knitting, she joined in the talk of home and camp affairs with so much zest that she compelled the surprised admiration of the caller and incurred the resentment of her little sister.

To be continued.

To freshen a carpet, rub over with a cloth wrung out in a pail of cold water to which has been added a tablespoonful of vinegar.

When grease spots appear on the wallpaper, lay coarse brown paper over them and pass a hot iron over it. Fresh paper may be needed several times if the spot is large.

After washing flannels or woolen goods, dry them as quickly as possible, preferably in a fairly strong wind. This will go a long way toward preventing them from shrinking.

To clean the leaves of house plants, apply equal parts of milk and lukewarm water gently with a sponge. This should be done at least once a week, to keep the plants in good condition.

A very little salt added to the water used for washing the hands is excellent, as also is oatmeal rubbed on the hands after drying. All that is necessary is to plunge one's hands into the oatmeal water, then wipe on a clean towel.

The best meat eat in cold weather is mutton, owing to its high heating value.

Deep breathing in cold weather, through the nose, will make you appreciably warmer.

The cause of chilblains is not the external cold, but the poorness of the internal circulation.

Taking An Ell.

Young Lorraine was home on leave, and the day after his return he gathered to do him honor, could refuse him nothing. So he made hay while the sun shone.

You might let me have your car for the afternoon, uncle," he said.

"All right, my boy; you can take it."

"And I say, uncle," said the youth, "can you let me have the price of a couple of fines or so?"

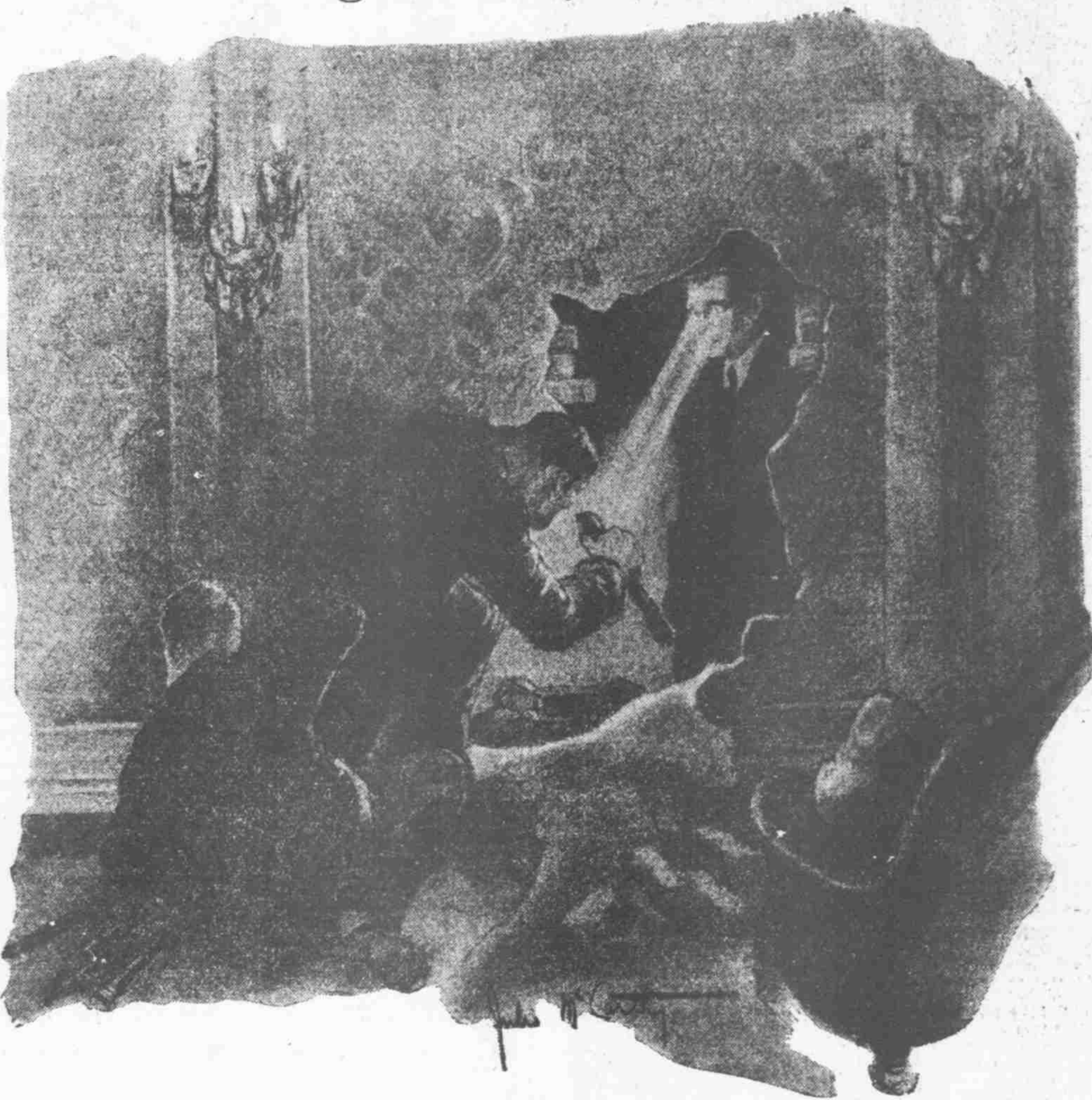
A Cynic Knows the Price of Everything and the Value of Nothing

Magazine Page

THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

The Strangest Story You Ever Read



The steel plate yielded, the safe opened, and Delorme sprang to his feet, confronting the burglars.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to his boarding house. He makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Tankers, a rich American widow, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo Y Lopez.

Mrs. Tankers, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. She is the owner of a large house in Paris, and is a relative of the Marquis of Paul.

The Baron Plucke, a French nobleman, is a relative of the Marquis of Paul. He is a man of great wealth and influence.

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by a wire from the ceiling, was burning brilliantly.

Where was he, and what did all this mean?

But this was not the time to seek an answer. The principal thing was to be free. For an instant he thought of taking the same way as his deliverer. But he hesitated, what if some unknown snare awaited him?

Then he ran to the window, opened the fastening and, springing with one leap into the deserted street, fled into the darkness.

The next morning, by the first train, he returned to Eu.

"I've had enough of my character of amateur detective," he said to himself, still trembling at the recollection of what had happened the evening before. "It's a far more dangerous trade than I supposed."

To make investigations in the houses of people who shut you up in their safes! Let Baron Plucke henceforth unravel mysteries alone.

It was by reading the story of the exploits of the wall-cutters, a few hours later, that he understood to what miraculous intervention he owed his safety.

But, when he had been in Eu three days, gradually recovering from his terrible emotions, he found himself one morning face to face with the commissary of police who, on seeing him, could not repress a cry of amazement:

"You?" he stammered—"so you're not dead?"

"Why should I be dead? But you see that I am not!"

"Of course!" replied the other—"but, administratively, that is no reason. The letter I have received from Paris is formal. I am to inform Madame Delorme, with the utmost consideration, of the suicide of her son."

In a few words the official told the young man of what had been found on the Quai de Javel.

"So, that's the way the comic and his accomplices found account one very tall—the third much smaller than his companions—they seemed to be in feverish haste—they were making the stone fairly fly from the wall—they were attacking the sides of the safe."

What tools were they using?—no sound reached his ears—but he saw summarized three of them: one very tall—the third much smaller than his companions—they seemed to be in feverish haste—they were making the stone fairly fly from the wall—they were attacking the sides of the safe.

Suddenly the steel plate yielded, falling backward—the safe opened, and Lucien Delorme sprang to his feet, confronting the burglars.

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And leaving his companion, who did not understand the meaning of these words, he went home at once to pack his valise, to the great astonishment of his mother who, after having heard him say the night before that he would not leave Eu again, was troubled by so hasty a departure, fearing he was suddenly worse.

CHAPTER X.

Love, When Thou Dost Capture Us.

At the whistle of the station master of Eu, the train which was to take Lucien Delorme to Paris began to move, when the door of the compartment in which he sat suddenly opened, and a woman hastily entered.

She wore a large dust coat of gray cloth, lined with plaid; a long beige veil, falling from her hat in full folds, covered her face, and she carried in her hand a small light leather bag.

After taking out a book, she put the satchel in her hand, removed her cloak and placed it by her side, for the morning was warm, and threw back her veil behind her shoulders, revealing her face.

While pretending to be absorbed in his newspaper, Lucien Delorme was looking closely at his companion, and could not help thinking her charming.

Her movements were lithe and graceful; her bearing was reserved and small and trim in her light, tailor-made suit, which was stylish in spite of its simplicity.

As she seemed buried in reading her novel, he could notice at his leisure the harmonious regularity of her features, the luminous beauty of her large blue eyes, her golden hair that seemed like a tangle of sunbeams over her forehead, the delicacy of her hand, whose glove she had removed to be able to turn the pages of her book more easily, and the smallness of her feet in their high laced fawn boots, which her short skirt displayed.

"Why is she?" he wondered. "Not an actress, certainly—a young society girl would not be traveling alone in this way—a young married woman?—no, I see no wedding ring on her finger—A type of?—here are charming ones—the profession is so accessible now!—The most probable thing is that she has been spending a few days with relatives or friends and is going back to work—if I dared I would begin to talk with her—it would pass away the three hours of the journey very pleasantly, but how would she take it? She doesn't look easy to approach."

Juliette, on her part, missed none of his thoughts, divined his intentions and had no doubt concerning the attraction she was exerting on the young man.

Having reached Eu the evening before, and according to the countess's instructions, seeking at once to throw herself in his way, she had seen him the very next morning at the station and had his trunk registered for Paris.

She had no hesitation. She must take advantage of the opportunity

to strike up an acquaintance with him. And she had arranged her plan perfectly since, at the moment the train was starting, she had succeeded in springing into his compartment and was taking the journey alone with him.

And, if he was wondering how he could enter into conversation with her, she was trying to find some way of bringing it about.

Under these circumstances there must be the desired result at the first opportunity. A chance occurred.

Suddenly the car, in passing over a switch, was violently shaken, and the glass window of the door on the young girl's side fell, letting in the wind, which fluttered her veil.

Before she could make a movement to close it Lucien Delorme had already sprung forward.

"Mademoiselle, will you permit me?"

And, after putting the window back in place, he continued, in an embarrassed tone:

"Or Madame—pry excuse me if I am mistaken."

"Mademoiselle," she answered, smiling.

But the young man did not return to his corner and, taking a seat opposite to his companion, exclaimed:

"How can you read with this continual jarring. We are going at least eighty miles an hour—the letters must dance before your eyes."

"Yes, they do," she sighed—"but one must be occupied in some way, or the journey would seem too long."

She half closed her book, and began to look absently at the landscape fleeting along the horizon; but the conversation had progressed too far for Lucien Delorme to drop it so quickly.

"Have you been in Eu, Mademoiselle?" he said after a moment's silence.

"No—I have come from Orival, where I spent a fortnight with an aunt who invited me to make her a visit! But, O dear, vacation days pass so much more quickly than others. Almost before one has had time for a little pleasure, one must think of going back to Paris."

"Oh, poverty!" she protested sadly—"not exactly—my life is not so hard!"

"What do you do, then?"

"Nothing. When I say nothing," she instantly corrected herself. "It's a form of speech, for I have the responsibility of my father's housekeeping—a small household, for we two live alone together—but that does not prevent having my time much occupied."

"And am I indisposed in asking your father's business?"

"He is cashier in a large bank."

"And has he no vacations, that he sends you to take yours alone with an aunt?"

The girl had tossed the book upon the seat by her side.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the arrival in Queretaro, Mexico, of Maximilian's army. He attempted to escape, but was betrayed, and the one-time self-styled Emperor of Mexico was shot. His wife, Carlotta, became insane from worry over her royal husband's misfortune. Maximilian's body was interred in the royal vault in Vienna.

Parents, Advertise!

THERE IS NEED OF MORE PUBLICITY

No Greater Business Than That of Promoting the Welfare of the Young People

By Dr. W. A. McKeever, One of the Nation's Best-Known Sociological Writers.

THERE is a general conviction among all juvenile welfare workers that there is need of far better means of publicity than they now enjoy. In a thousand places mothers' clubs, parent-teacher associations and others of their class are doing excellent things and all the time planning still better things, but the world at large knows too little about their doings.

The great war has shown us the meaning of publicity as we never before understood it. Indeed, what was called propaganda probably played a bigger part than guns in the final outcome. Especially during the last year of the struggle, by means of publicity the people were first informed, then led and at last literally driven through the force of their newly awakened conscience.

Well-prepared news items, posters, placards, and motion pictures did the work.

Now the workers in behalf of young humanity must certainly fall behind the procession unless they make use of this new agency of publicity. Every form of society of the kind needs an able publicity agent even more than it needs a first-class president—some one who can take every little important incident of the meetings and render it into a news item that will be worthy of a conspicuous headline.

A few live-wire, child-fostering societies are now running attractive advertisements in advance of their meetings.

One large women's club has hit upon the idea of a poster campaign for propaganda for better child conditions. They have secured a large window space in the center of a business district, and therein they have been displaying their advertising material.

Large colored and decorated posters, attractive placards, interesting statistical data and terse one-sentence appeals in behalf of the young—these are all arranged so conspicuously as to attract the notice of the throngs passing.

Now, supposing that a thousand thoughtful people view the poster window during a given week and

are converted to the cause of better child conditions, what a difference it would make in the lives of the young!

The linen was immaculate. The china was so pretty and the glass and silver just glistened. Particular care was taken to serve the conservation dishes in company style, for I was company.

One day a new guest was announced and when Mrs. Meyer came in I noticed that the new guest did not seem to receive so cordial a welcome as some of the rest of us. She was pale and looked quite disagreeable. In reply to someone's "Lovely weather," we were treated to "Nice for some people, but when one has been through the operation I've been through good or bad weather makes little difference."

Have you ever seen anyone pour oil upon a flaming faggot? It was like one of those that Aunt Mary's place had had. At last someone who had had an operation had come to the house!

"Oh, yes," remarked our newest invalid, "they wanted to operate on me at 5 o'clock this morning, but I would not allow anyone to operate on me until my husband came. And then," she continued, eagerly, "they gave me a bath and rolled me off the bed onto the stretcher."

But at this point Aunt Mary interrupted with: "Did it take you long to become unconscious? You know, it took me hours—the doctor said he never had handled anyone as strong as I—"

Every day we poor innocents who couldn't boast of a single operation—even a tonsillectomy—were treated to all the gruesome details of operations. Some days when we were just bubbling to talk about General Pershing and Mary Browne's newest sweetheart and the price of the latest shoes, we were a mere audience in a world of cuts and heals and adhesions and stitches.

Then there is another variety of conversation which ought to be taboo at the family dinner. That is the subject of the high cost of living. Do you know the woman who scowls when you ask a question to open your mouth overily well to induce a tempting morsel of food and says, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Don't know how to get on feeding you people—food is so high and no one here seems to appreciate how I must pinch and save and scrape to make ends meet."

In these days of modern rash, the American family meet none too often, and when they do meet it should be an hour of happiness and pleasure.

Have you ever thought seriously as to why that prosperous Mr. Brown, with a perfectly nice wife and three children, takes that home-made manicurist out to dinner occasionally? No; he is not the typical villain of the movie, and he probably has only a bit of friendly emotion toward the lady, but he finds her conversation pleasant and her manner cheerful. A meal in pleasant company has a decided tonic effect.

And so, Mrs. Housewife, you take a strong hand. Insist, tactfully, of course, that there is cheerfulness around the family board, and ever talk toward the end of the meal of the food you find ever more difficult to provide.

Alice, Where Art Thou?

A group of housewives were having tea together at a restaurant, and talking over the events of the day. The question under discussion was to who had done most to win the war. Some said Haig, others Beatty, others Poch.

At last one woman, but he finds her conversation pleasant and her manner cheerful. A meal in pleasant company has a decided tonic effect.

"I don't know who's done most to win the war," she said; "but I know who's been most talked about."

"Who's that?" came a chorus.

"Why, this 'ere Alice Lorraine that the French and Germans came to blows over!"

Know No Young Men.

My sister and I, twenty and eighteen, respectively, have moved to a strange housekeeping—a small household, for we two live alone together—but that does not prevent having my time much occupied."

"And am I indisposed in asking your father's business?"

"He is cashier in a large bank."

"And has he no vacations, that he sends you to take yours alone with an aunt?"

The girl had tossed the book upon the seat by her side.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

YOU remember in the last story I left off at the place where Puss Junior had said good night to the farmer and his wife, because it was so late and he didn't want to sit up any longer to finish his story of adventure.

Well, the next evening Puss Junior commenced where he had left off. He was telling them about Rapunzel and how the wicked witch had carried her away to the desert.

"Of course," said Puss Junior, "when Tom Thumb and I reached the woods after climbing down from the tower, we looked in vain for Rapunzel, but we heard a footstep, and whom should we come across but the Prince who was in love with her. But, alas! the poor fellow had lost his eyesight."

"You see, the wicked witch had discovered him in the tower with Rapunzel, so he had leaped from the tower into a Bramble patch and had lost his sight."

"Well, as I was saying, as soon as we came up to the poor blind Prince he turned to us and said: 'Have you seen my beloved Rapunzel?'"

"We are seeking her ourselves," I answered, and then I told him about the wicked witch, and after that the three of us set out together to find the lost Rapunzel, and after many days of travel we came to a desert.

"Tom Thumb, who had wandered off some distance, suddenly shouted, 'see, comrades approaching. Let us wait. Perhaps they will carry us across this sandy sea!'"

"After a while the camels drew near and we saw there were three, one for each of us, and when they came up to where we waited they knelt down for us to mount, which we did, after which Puss Junior told him he was so small he could not look over a toadstool. Then we set out to cross the desert. The sun beat down and burned our faces and the sand bit and stung our eyes, but still we pressed forward, and after a long time we came in sight of an oasis.

"As we drew near the cluster of palm trees we saw a woman standing on the edge of the sand looking toward us. And no sooner had we come up to where she stood than she gave a cry of joy, and the Prince, on hearing her voice, shouted, 'Rapunzel! Rapunzel!'"

"Then he leaped from off his camel and folded her in his arms. Rapunzel was so happy at finding her Prince that tears of joy fell from her eyes, and some of these touched his eyes and made them well again."

"Then we mounted the camels and made off towards the castle, which we reached in safety that evening."

(Copyright 1918, David Cory.) To be continued.